

1/2d.

Daily Mirror

All the News by
Telegraph,
Photograph, and
Paragraph.

An Illustrated Paper for Men and Women.

No. 165.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

RUSSIAN PRISONERS OF WAR IN THE HANDS OF THEIR CHIVALROUS FOES.



Russian prisoners captured during the retreat after the first Korean encounters, escorted by Japanese cavalry.—(Drawn for the "Mirror" by Mr. W. Dewar from photographs and sketches by our artist correspondent at the front.)

THE "PRINCE OF PILSEN," THE LATEST AMERICAN INVASION, OPENS TO-NIGHT.



The "Prince of Pilsen," the new American musical comedy, opens at the Shaftesbury Theatre this evening. The company is a picked one, and numerically the strongest which has yet invaded England. The management avows its intention of taking London by storm, both by the skill and by the beauty of the company.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
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 Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

BIRTHS.

BAILLIE—On the 10th inst., at the Rectory, Rugby, the Hon. Mrs. Albert Baillie, of a son.
CHICHESTER—On the 10th inst., at 10, Basil-mansions, S.W., the wife of Captain Spencer Chichester, of a daughter.
FRIDAY—On May 11, at 26, Victoria-road, Kensington, the wife of David Falconer Pennant, of a daughter.
WILSON—On the 10th inst., at The Cottage, Woodside-road, Sutton, Surrey, the wife of Stanley H. Woodin M.A., priest of All Saints', Reigate—a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

HARDY-RICKETTS—On May 7, at St. Mary Bishops, by the Rev. W. G. Hardy, Thomas Henry Hardy, 53rd Russell's Infantry, son of the late Rev. John Peter Hardy, to Emily May Ricketts, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Ricketts, Mytcham Service.
LANDO-HEATHCOTE—On May 10, at the Church of St. Barnabas, Finchley, by the Rev. Guy London, brother of the bridegroom, assisted by the Hon. and Rev. A. Hamlyn-Fry, Geoffrey Lando, son of the late Rev. E. H. Lando, and of Mrs. London, of 54, Carlton-road, Putney, to Helen Mary Heathcote, daughter of the late Rev. G. V. Heathcote, sometime rector of West Deeping, Lincolnshire.

DEATHS.

MACKENZIE—On Wednesday, the 11th inst., at 52, Queen's Gate, London, S.W., Miss Mary Mackenzie, daughter of Sir George A. Mackenzie, K.C.M.G., C.B., and daughter of the late Major W. Cairnes Armstrong.
BARNOR—On Wednesday, the 11th inst., at 57, Clarendon-gate, N.W., Martha Lucy Barnor, aged 61, formerly of West Kensington, London, and formerly of the late Rev. E. H. Lando, and of Mrs. London, of 54, Carlton-road, Putney, at 12 o'clock. Friends please accept this, the only intimation.

PERSONAL.

ALICE—Do please write and see me.
M. T. to Fletcher—Please call for letter.
B. E. W.—Please send address at once; in great distress.
R. J. G.
JOINTED THUMB—London Bridge, Saturday, three—Devoted SCAR MOON.
"CROSS"—With Kelly's Tuesday; meet me Victoria Thursday afternoon—X.
WANTED, address of Miss Emily Thornton Down, by Miss Orle—All Saints' Nursing Home, Edgware, Wokingham, Surrey.
ANNUAL REGISTER—Wanted volumes of the "Annual Register, 1903," price—10s. 6d., "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.
LOST, on Wednesday, May 11, small diamond brooch, shape of St. George's Cross, inscribed "Kensington-gardens, High-street, in or near Avenue-meadow—Reward offered on card being brought to Broadwalk, De Vere-gardens, W.
LOST, between Comedy Theatre and Hans Crescent, May 10, 1894, shaped oval brooch, set with pearls and diamonds, turning to Porter, 5, Hans-crescent.
MISS TESSMAN, 18, The Dolphin, S.W., May 11. Reward will be given.
 * The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1d. per line, 2d. per line for 1d. per line. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word for additional advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., London.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAVMAKET—TO-DAY, at 3 and 9.
JOSIE'S ENTANGLED—LADY'S NIGHT.
 Preceded at 2.30 and 8.20 by THE WIDOW WOOD.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.
HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, MR. TREE.
 TO-DAY at 2.15 and EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
LAST WEEKS.
"THE DARLING OF THE GOES"
 By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.
 Box Office (Mr. Watt) open daily 10 to 10.
IMPERIAL THEATRE, MR. LEWISWALLER.
 TO-DAY at 3 and EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY at 3.
MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER.
 Preceded at 8.15 by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.
SHAFESBURY.
 TO-NIGHT (Saturday) at 8.0.
 Mr. Henry W. Savage's American Co. in
THE PRINCE OF PILSEN.
 First Matinee, 10.15. Box Office 10 to 10.
ST. JAMES'S, MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
 Will appear TO-DAY at 2 and 9.
"SATURDAY TO MONDAY."
 By Frederick Knott, with Robert Pryce.
 At 2.30 and 8.30 O.P. ME THUMB, by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce, with Robert Pryce, by permission of Mr. Frank Churchill in her original part.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.
THE OXFORD.
 R. G. KNOWLES.
GEORGE RODDY, MARK MELFORD AND CO.
GUS ELEN, HARRY LAUDER, the
Polka, Fanny Fields, and hosts of other stars. Open
2.30. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30. Manager, Mr.
ALBERT GILMER.
 Admission, 1s.; Season Tickets, 10s. 6d.
ITALIAN EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
 From 12 to 6 p.m.
ITALIAN COMMERCIAL EXHIBITS.
FINE ART SECTION.
GRAND MILITARY AND NAVAL EXHIBITS.
ITALIAN VILLAGE.
GRAND MILITARY AND NAVAL EXHIBITS.
GRAND MILITARY AND NAVAL EXHIBITS.
 Band of the Grenadier Guards.
 The Exhibition Bersagliere Band.
 In the EMPRESS HALL, the Organist's Representative at the Queen City of the Adriatic.
VENICE BY NIGHT.
VENICE BY NIGHT.
 Canals, Bridges, Shops, Cafes, Public Buildings, Gondolas, and all the exquisite beauties of the
VENETIAN SERENADE TROUPE.
MARANELLA NEAPOLITAN TROUPE.
 A Continuous Feast of Music, Beauty, and Movement.
OPERA.
SIR HIRAM S. MAXIM'S CAPTIVE FLYING MACHINES.
THE BLUE GLOVE OF CAPT. ST. PETER'S ROMIE
"LA SCALA" THEATRE OF CARLITIES.
AT 8.30.
THE DUC D'ABRUZZI'S NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.
 The Ancient Roman Forum.
 Electric Butterflies, Fairy Landscapes, Radium, and a thousand and one fresh attractions. Views of Lago Maggiore, the Gardens of Isola Bella, Monte, and Tivoli.
 Esquise at French Bazaar.
ITALIAN RESTAURANT.
 Italian Dishes a prix fixe 4/6 a carte.
THE CHARING CROSS BANK. Est. 1820.
 119 and 120, Baker-st., W. 1.
 28, Bedford-road, Charing Cross W.C. London.
 Assets, £207,780. Liabilities, £288,660. Surplus, £21,120. 25 per cent. allowed on deposits, account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as under: Subject to 3 months' notice, 4 1/2 per cent. per ann. 6 months' notice, 5 per cent. per ann. 12 months' notice, 6 per cent. per ann. Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Permanent Deposit Bonds pay nearly nine per cent. and are a safe investment for all prospective.
 A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

FASHIONABLE THIEVES.

London Overrun with Well-dressed Men Who Prey on Visitors.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

The publicity given in the *Daily Mirror* to the doings of the educated swindlers, who are infesting the West End, has elicited numerous letters from correspondents in all parts of the country.

The following is a fair sample of the wails of the victims who have been fleeced of their wealth and have not gone to the police until it was too late:—

(On the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

One day early last week I, admiring a beautiful enamel work on a tomb in one of the side chapels of Westminster Abbey when I was approached by a young lady of attractive appearance. She asked if I knew anything of enamels, informing me that she had a fine collection at her father's place in Gloucestershire. The lady enamel enthusiast invited me to call at her hotel (naming a prominent West End hotel). I called, and was presented to her two so-called brothers. We became very friendly, and after dinner, one of the brothers suggested that we should adjourn to their private sitting-room for a game of bridge. I willingly agreed, and we played till daylight. It was close on four a.m. when I left the hotel, after losing £225 in notes and gold, and cheques to the amount of over £200, but when I called next afternoon I found my new acquaintances had decamped, and then I realised that I had been "done." On inquiry at my bankers I found that the cheques had been especially cleared.

"A COUNTRY VISITOR."

Australian's Adventure.

A prominent detective officer, who has had over fifteen years' experience in the big hotel and restaurant district between the Strand and Hyde Park, said yesterday: "Confidence men swarm into London at this time of the year and reap a rich harvest, in spite of the repeated warnings the public receive in the Press."

"An Australian shipwright, over seventy years of age, came over to London with an invention he wanted patented. It was a ship's anchor, which could be folded into a small compass."

"The old man had a draft on a bank for £350, in addition to £20 in gold, in his possession. One afternoon, in the smoking-room of a West End hotel, a gentlemanly stranger accosted him, and in course of conversation said that he also had a patent for something to go under the soles of boots."

"The old story was worked, a friend was introduced, flash notes were shown, and, in spite of the warning of the bank manager, the Australian drew out his money and handed it over to his new friend."

"That was the last he saw of the £350 or the men."

The old man returned to Australia without patenting his folding anchor, and refused to prosecute the thieves.

Confidence Men.

"These swindlers," continued the officer, "frequent the best hotels and restaurants, and the management cannot keep them out. The confidence man waits till he sees an affable-looking stranger, then rushes up, seizes the victim by the hand, and exclaims heartily, 'What, my dear old friend in town once more! Well, this is a surprise.'"

"If the stranger expresses any doubt, the swindler mentions the name of their mutual friend, generally 'old Thompson,' of any place under the sun."

"Should the attempt fail the confidence man apologises for his mistake, and walks away round the corner until the coast is clear to commence work again."

"I saw a crowd collected outside Charing Cross station," said the detective, "and crossed the road to see what was the matter."

"A man dressed in a loud check suit, with a profusion of jewellery, was lying on the pavement apparently in a fit. His face wore a peaceful smile, as if the owner was in a trance."

"A policeman present questioned a benevolent, prosperous-looking man, who had been seen talking to the stranger before he fell in the fit. He said, 'I did not know the sick man at all, and never saw him here to-night to my knowledge. He came to me in the station, and asked how all the folk were down at Ashford.'"

A Sudden Shock.

"I told him that they were well, and that I had got a hundred pounds to spend on seeing the sights of London for a week, and wanted someone to show me around."

"Then," said the farmer, "to my surprise, he gave a moan and fell down."

"It was what the confidence man had been looking for all day, but it came so easy that the shock unstrung his piano-wire nerves."

"St. Paul's Cathedral, British Museum, National Gallery, and all public places, swarm with fashionable thieves at this season of the year, and visitors should be careful of making acquaintances."

"Americans, who come from the land where the confidence game was invented, are the easiest victims when they are in London, and they never prosecute."

"The only way to check crime in the West End," said the detective, in conclusion, "is for the magistrates to support the police when they arrest suspicious characters, but they do not do so at present."

"Any persons, male or female, who frequent the streets at night and cannot show how they obtain their living should be looked up as suspects, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment."

GIANT TELESCOPE FOR EAST END.

An immense telescope, that brings the moon—really 240,000 miles away—within an apparent distance of four feet, together with a splendidly-equipped observatory were yesterday added to the Passmore Edwards Saviors' Palace, Limehouse.

A picture of the observatory is to be found on page 7.

THE NEW EDEN.

Uganda as an Ideal Holiday and Health Resort.

Eden has been located. It is not in the region of the Tigris and Euphrates, but in much-misrepresented Uganda.

The Secretary for the Uganda Protectorate, Mr. Cunningham, who arrived at Charing Cross last night from Africa, gave a representative of Reuter's Agency some most interesting particulars concerning the present condition of the Protectorate.

"The scenery," said Mr. Cunningham, "is unique, and there is about fifty miles of zoological gardens teeming with wild animals. On my way down country, at the Kapiti Plains, we passed through a herd of fully 50,000 zebras; we saw twenty ostriches, some rhinoceroses, and giraffes in the distance, and the plains simply swarmed with gazelles. Nowhere else in the world can such a sight be witnessed."

The Day After Creation.

"In Kavironda it is still only the day after the Creation, with the difference that the Adams and Eves of Kavironda, instead of reposing in beatific leisure among apple trees, may be seen hoeing gardens along the railway, or carrying baskets of grain to the market at Port Florence—the majority of them without an atom of clothing."

"At the railway stations, alas! they are gradually getting Adam into trousers."

"As to the health point of view, Uganda is a very habitable country. I have lived in Uganda for five years, and have never once had fever, and neither my wife nor my child has ever been ill."

"On the contrary, if a person is suffering from throat or lung troubles, a month in Uganda will probably make him all right again. I found it so in my own case."

LAZY WEATHER.

London Yesterday Beat the Record for the Month.

London perspired yesterday.

The temperature at 2 p.m. was 64 degrees—two degrees hotter than the previous hottest of the month.

Still the officials at the Meteorological Office were perfectly cool over the matter. They declared it was not at all abnormally hot, and pointed out that the record for May was 86 degrees in 1880.

Last May the thermometer rose as high as 79 degrees, and in 1901 it reached 83 degrees.

Yesterday seemed much hotter than it really was owing to the dampness of the atmosphere. Eighty-seven per cent. of the atmosphere was damp vapour, and the clouds caused thereby kept in the heat.

"The weather seems fairly settled," said the expert in conclusion, "and I think we can give good hope for a fine week-end."

While we were sweltering in London, the Tyrol had quite a different complaint. So much snow lies now in the Brenner Pass (writes our Vienna correspondent) that a snow-plough has to be used to clear the way for the trains.

MR. PLOWDEN AND PORTIA.

Witty Magistrate Renews His Assault on Lady Lawyers.

Mr. Plowden was indiscreet enough to say funny things at the expense of lady lawyers or "old Barmaths," as he called them, and so drew on himself the stern criticism of Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who is an aspirant to forensic honours.

Miss Pankhurst was very severe, and said: "Mr. Plowden doesn't know how much women know."

Mr. Plowden was seen by an interviewer yesterday, and was quite unrepentant—indeed, waggish over the matter.

"A young and charming lady," he said, "should know better than to be serious when a magistrate deigns to joke. I am not sure that it is not contempt of court."

"I was not altogether joking when I asked what possible inducement there could be for a comely young lady to go to the Bar, and I was not fearing that male barristers would be unable to compete with their sisters at argument and protracted talking."

"Some ladies I know have not waited for a call to the Bar to air their opinions at great length. The admission of ladies as barristers would be the worst thing that could happen to them, for it would give them the official privilege of talking (which they have already got, by the way), and to get the full benefit of their prerogative they would most likely overwork themselves. And then the risk of the possibility of lady judges and a jury of matrons. What chances would mere man have of getting justice?"

"Barristers have to dress in court in sober colours, and do you think that would please the lady counsel? She would want to wear her picture hat, and then the parties to the suit would have their view of the scales of justice obscured."

MADAME MELBA'S PROTEGEE.

The chief interest of last night's performance of "Faust" at Covent Garden was the debut of Miss Elizabeth Parkins, the new American soprano, who made her first appearance as "Siebel."

Miss Parkins was born in Kansas City, U.S.A., in 1882. At the age of fourteen Madame Melba happened to hear her sing and urged her parents to give her further training. That date, too, marked the beginning of a warm friendship between Madame Melba and the young singer.

In 1902 Miss Parkins made her debut in Paris at the Opera Comique, so that last night was not by any means her first stage appearance.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Variable southerly breezes; mostly fair and warm, cloudy at times.

Lighting-up time: 8.42 p.m.; Sunday, 8.43 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate or smooth generally, with local fogs.

To-day's News at a Glance.

During a bombardment of Tallyan yesterday a Japanese torpedo-boat was lost, seven men being killed, and seven wounded. This is the first vessel Japan has lost in the war. Seventy thousand Japanese troops sailed from Chinampo, on the west coast of Korea, in eighty-three transports, one division being landed on the Liao-tung Peninsula, the remainder being disembarked at Takushan, in the north of Korea Bay.—(Page 3.)

Constant watch is being kept on Vladivostok harbour, in which four Russian warships are practically bottled up. The quays and jetties at Dalny (Tallyan) have been blown up by the Russians to prevent Japanese landing there, and a general attack on Port Arthur is expected about Monday.—(Page 3.)

Last night the second Court of the season was held at Buckingham Palace. The scene was one of exceptional brilliancy. Princess Patricia of Connaught appeared at Court for the first time, and the presentations to their Majesties included that of Princess Alexander of Teck on her marriage.—(Page 2.)

Baron Varubler yesterday presented a letter of thanks from the King of Wurtemberg to His Majesty for having conferred the Order of the Garter upon him during the visit of the Prince of Wales to Wurtemberg. King Edward later inspected the new Grenadier Guards' overcoat, with which he expressed approval.—(Page 3.)

Owing to the Tibetans' hostile attitude further troops will most likely be sent to strengthen the British mission in Tibet. It is said that the enemy can muster 20,000 men.—(Page 3.)

The Anglo-Chinese Labour Convention was signed yesterday by Lord Lansdowne and the Chinese Minister in London.—(Page 3.)

Miss Elizabeth Parkins, the new American soprano, made her debut at Covent Garden Theatre last evening.—(Page 2.)

Damages amounting to £15 were in the High Court awarded a young lady named Foster for breach of promise. The defendant, who conducted his own case, said the engagement was cancelled because Miss Foster was lazy—a suggestion which was denied.—(Page 5.)

When the hearing of the conspiracy charge arising out of the Pollard divorce suit was resumed the incidents connected with Mr. Pollard's visit to Jersey were investigated, together with the reports made by Slater's detectives. The case was again adjourned.—(Page 5.)

Mrs. Beecham's suit against her former solicitors, Messrs. White, for alleged negligence was withdrawn in the High Court. Mr. Justice Grantham characterised the action as an improper one.—(Page 5.)

Appearing on remand, the Bristol youth Moore addressed the magistrates, and denounced those who had believed in his boyhood. The eagerness of people to become his friends had been largely responsible, he said, for his going astray. He contended he was driven to carry out his scheme by want. Prisoner was sent for trial.—(Page 5.)

Fancy prices, ranging from one shilling per quart, were paid for the first gooseberries of the season at Covent-garden Market.—(Page 4.)

Further examined respecting Horton Asylum scandal, Morant, the accused doctor's clerk, stated there was a system by which provisions were allowed to go to his brother. Over a ton of sugar had been consigned to the drains.—(Page 5.)

At Rochester the body of an infant child has been found in a box covered with clothes and a stocking tied tightly round the neck.—(Page 5.)

Three eccentricities of bird life may be seen in London just now. On Chelsea Embankment a pair of wood-pigeons have nested. In Lincoln's Inn Fields is a woodpecker; while two carrion crows have taken up their abode in Clissold Park.—(Page 9.)

Miss Lottie Dool, of the Moreton Club, defeated Miss May Herzel in the Ladies' Golf Championship after a most exciting match.—(Page 11.)

To-day's nameless picture represents a well-known lady. The reader who is first to correctly state her identity will be awarded a guinea.—(Pages 6 and 9.)

Yesterday was the hottest day of the month in London. A fine sultry week-end is predicted.—(Page 2.)

Three children in danger from fire at a house in Rotherhithe New-road were gallantly rescued by a railway porter.—(Page 4.)

Houdini is this afternoon to be presented by the proprietors of this journal with a silver model of the celebrated *Mirror* handcuffs from which he succeeded in escaping from the Hippodrome.—(Page 9.)

Mr. Walter Massey, a well-known figure in the trotting world, died yesterday as the result of injuries sustained at a race meeting.—(Page 4.)

Oxford University easily defeated Somerset by an innings and 45 runs. Surrey led a good lead in their match against Essex. Leicestershire obtained a victory over Warwickshire by eight wickets.—(Page 11.)

Excellent sport was seen at Galwick. Roseate Dawn won the Alexandra Handicap and D'Orsay the Champey Palace.—(Page 10.)

A feature of the day on 'Change was the rush for Kaffirs on the news that the Chinese labour convention had been signed. Consols were weaker. Home rails continued in good demand. The American market was quiet. In the miscellaneous section, brewery descriptions were still in favour.—(Page 5.)

JAPAN'S NEW MOVE.

Loses Her First Warship
in Attacking Talien-wan.

LANDING AN ARMY.

70,000 Troops Disembark from
83 Transports.

The Japanese have suffered their first naval loss since the war began. While the forts at Talien-wan were being bombarded by a Japanese squadron yesterday, the torpedo boat No. 48 was lost, but whether by the Russian fire or by striking a mine is not known.

The torpedo flotilla was at the same time searching the bay for mines.

Seventy thousand Japanese left Chinampo on the 4th inst. in eighty-three transports. One division was landed on the Liao-tung Peninsula, the remainder being put ashore at Takushan, in the north of Korea Bay.

The Russian squadron is practically bottled up at Vladivostok, a Japanese fleet keeping a constant watch on the harbour.

The latest news as to the blowing-up of Dalay, the Russian town on Talien-wan Bay, says that the whole of the dock and harbour system has been destroyed, in order to make the Japanese landing as difficult as possible. Evidently the Russians realise that they cannot prevent the Japanese from landing troops here.

TALIEN-WAN SHELLED.

Japan Suffers Her First Naval
Loss.

TOKIO, Friday.

The Japanese torpedo boat No. 48 was destroyed yesterday while removing mines in Kerr Bay, to the north of Talien-wan. Seven of the crew were killed and seven wounded.

This is the first war vessel that Japan has lost in the course of the war.—Reuter.

The following later message shows that the mishap occurred during a bombardment of Talien-wan:—

TOKIO, Friday.

Torpedo boat No. 48 was lost yesterday during the bombardment of the forts in Talien-wan Bay by the third Japanese squadron.

The torpedo flotilla was at the same time engaged in searching the bay and the neighbouring inlets for mines, and surveying the harbour.

Several Russian detachments were dispersed by the ships' guns.—Reuter.

ARMY DISEMBARKS.

70,000 Japanese Sail in Eighty-Three
Transports.

SEOUL, Monday.

The second Japanese Army, consisting of 70,000 men, left Chinampo on the 4th inst. in 83 transports. The soldiers were crowded on to the vessels like rats, no less than 3,500 being put on one ship. Every deck was so packed that it was impossible for the men to take any exercise, while the majority could not even get fresh air, but not a grumbling word was to be heard. Only one division was landed on the Liao-tung Peninsula, the rest being disembarked at Takushan.—Reuter's Special Service.

RUSSIAN FLEET "BOTTLED UP."

SEOUL, Monday.

The Japanese have established a naval base at Port Lazareff, and have protected the entrance to the harbour by mines.

The Russian squadron at Vladivostok is practically bottled up, a fleet of Japanese scouts keeping a constant watch on the harbour.—Reuter's Special Service.

Chinampo is the port of Ping-yang on the west coast of Korea.

Port Lazareff is a roadstead on the east coast of Korea, immediately north of Gensan.

DALNY PORT DESTROYED.

PARIS, Friday.

The "Echo de Paris" this morning confirms the reported destruction of the landing stages, jetties, and quays at Dalny and Talien-wan by General Kuropatkin's orders.—Exchange Telegraph Co.

GALLANT BANDSMEN.

The following account of the gallant conduct of the band of the 11th Regiment at the battle of Kiulien-shen is given by the bandmaster:—
"When we went to the attack our band of thirty-one men played a march, and then charged to 'God Save the Emperor,' which we repeated. I fell, and near to me two of my men were also shot down.

"The band continued to play until only fifteen men were left. Then it stopped, and, taking rifles from the killed, the survivors went forward to the attack."

One of the reasons given for the Tsar deciding not to go to the front is that half the Russian army would be required to watch the railway during his journey.

THE STORY OF DALNY.

A "Far Away" City Which Was
Created at the Tsar's
Command.

"Dalny," said an American writer a year ago, "has come to stay. It would seem to be fairly equipped to enter on a career of safe and unimpeded development."

That American writer reckoned without the Japs.

The great docks and piers and wharves, which were to make Dalny the Southampton of the Far East, came with marvellous rapidity at the command of the Tsar. The place sprang into being (to quote another traveller) "full grown and armed to every point, Minerva-like, from the brain of the Russian Jovis." Five millions of money were poured out to create it. The labour of 50,000 Asiatics turned the site of a few Chinese villages into a modern city, ready to do commerce with the whole world.

But Dalny had not "come to stay." All those docks and piers and wharves have disappeared again more quickly than they came. The same hands that made them have destroyed them. The city built for 100,000 inhabitants, and for a city that should rival the trade of Liverpool, lies desolate and a ruin. The Russian dream of a great world's port has turned out to be but a "hassess fabric." The labour of four years has been undone in a single night.

A Complete City.

The explosions that were heard by the Japanese from the direction of Port Arthur are now explained. They were blowing into the air the foundations of Dalny. Mark of Dalny remains, no doubt. The fine roads of macadam with granite kerbs; the imposing houses built for the Tsar's officials in a style of architecture which has been happily said to combine those of Margate and Manchuria; the two hotels, the two luxurious clubs, the modern post-office, the up-to-date hospitals, the theatre, the rows of shops, which remind exiled officers and administrators of the glories of the Nevski Prospect—these cannot have been "made to jump" along with the dock system and the long lines of wharfage and warehouses.

But without its commercial advantages Dalny ceases to have any reason for existence. Even with them it failed to attract anything like a large population. It was like a German colony. There were plenty of Government officials, but no one for them to govern. The European part of the town, separated from the native quarter by a large park, was meant for 30,000 people. It has never been inhabited by more than a bare two thousand.

What Will the Future Bring?

The Japanese may some day recreate Dalny. They may make use of the great railway which finds its commercial terminus there—the railway which Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., has called "the greatest material undertaking the world has seen since the building of the Great Wall of China." They may reap the harvest of which Russia has only been allowed to dream.

But that possibility lies hid in the mists of the future. For the moment, and for many a year in all likelihood, Dalny has ceased to exist. It has had a short life and a merry one. As a kind of Brighton for the prisoners of Port Arthur, it had a few, light-hearted holiday boys. Now desolation reigns where lately laughter held sway. The dream is over. The grim awakening has come.

RIOUS MUTES.

Restaurant Wrecked by a Deaf and
Dumb Trinity.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.

Three deaf and dumb men were the cause of a considerable commotion in a wine shop in the Avenue Philippe Auguste early this morning.

They were on their way home after having called at several wine shops, when one of them proposed a final drink. They repaired to a place close by, and had several glasses, and to judge by their expressive gestures their conversation was of a very animated character.

About one o'clock this morning M. Loubet, the landlord, intimated that he was about to close his premises, and would be glad if his customers would settle for their refreshments.

The mute trinity shook their heads and looked astonished. The landlord did not understand, so the publican took four shillings from his pocket and endeavoured to make them comprehend that that was the amount they owed him.

With many negative gestures, however, the deaf mutes intimated that there must be some mistake, and this so exasperated M. Loubet that he took hold of one of the three men by the collar. His two companions immediately seized bottles, decanters, and anything else within reach, and fired them at the landlord, breaking windows and mirrors, and smashing all the furniture they could lay their hands on.

Then the publican drew his revolver and fired. One of the deaf men was hit in the shoulder, and fell upon the floor, giving vent to the most horrible cries. The riot brought two policemen on the scene, and with the assistance of the landlord and the other customers, the noisy mutes were finally mastered and taken into custody. The third wounded man was removed to the hospital.

STRIKING TRAMWAY FIGURES.

At the meeting of the London Traffic Commission yesterday Mr. Edgar Harper, chief statistical officer to the L.C.C., said the total length of tramway lines in London, which was sixty-two miles in 1879, rose to 126 miles in 1893, and after that remained practically stationary. The mileage run by the cars increased from 9,722,678 in 1881 to 34,777,382 in 1903, considerably more than three-fold, while the passengers in the same period increased from 71,509,859 to 336,900,596, or nearly five-fold.

The greatest number of cars at any terminus was 1,101 to Moorgate-street. While the 566 electric cars at Westminster Bridge carried 56,068 persons the capacity of the 1,101 horse cars at Moorgate-street was only 47,802.

MOTOR ABDUCTION.

Beautiful American Captured by
Her English Admirer.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.

The motor seems to play a rôle in every up-to-date romance.

"Le Matin" tells the story of the latest Paris sensation. A young and pretty American girl, whose Christian name is Arabella, arrived a few weeks ago at a hotel in the Rue Caumartin.

The other day she went out as usual to déjeuner at a restaurant, but she did not return.

There was talk of a crime, of suicide, of fraud, and the police were set on Miss Arabella's track. The truth of her strange disappearance has just leaked out.

It seemed that Miss Arabella had been pursued by a certain "Sir Whittle," who loved her to distraction. The lady, feeling herself unequal in rank to "Sir Whittle," would not listen to his wooing, and fled from London to Paris.

Found Herself a Prisoner.

Here "Sir Whittle" found her, and begged her to lunch at Versailles with himself and some friends. Miss Arabella consented; the two mounted into the automobile which was waiting, and the car dashed off, never stopping till a little village beyond Dreux was reached. Here Miss Arabella was inveigled into a furnished apartment, the key was turned, and she found herself a prisoner.

Knocking and calling were alike vain. For three days Miss Arabella languished in captivity. Then desperation aided her. She jumped out of the window after dark, and wandered on foot to Dreux, where, her strength and money at an end, she was conducted to the mayor.

In spite of his pity for the young lady's plight, the worthy mayor was obliged to send her to prison as a vagabond. He communicated at once with the U.S. Consul at Paris, and an attaché was sent down to fetch Miss Arabella.

The families of Miss Crane and "Sir Whittle" were apprised of the story, and there seems every prospect that the final chapter of the romance will be a happy one.

THE DOUGLAS SMASH.

Mr. Earp Describes How the Motor
Accident Happened.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

DOUGLAS, Friday.

Clifford and Arthur Earp are making splendid progress to recovery from injuries they received in the accident which brought the motor speed tests to such a sudden termination on Tuesday.

The concussion from which Clifford Earp suffered is much relieved, and to-day he was able to say how the accident occurred.

Before the tests the catch on his side brake had gone wrong, and he had temporarily repaired it with copper wire. When he put full brake power on in order to stop the wheels became locked, and the car skidded and swerved, which is not an uncommon occurrence. To remedy this he attempted to take the brakes off, but as a result of the defective condition of the brakes he could not release them, and the car dashed into the wall.

Mr. Earp, when interviewed, declares that the Automobile Club, in recognizing that Earp came out second in the eliminating trials, and yet keeping him out of the English team which is to compete in the Gordon-Bennett race, have not acted properly.

He considers they should have included him in the team and have called on the reserves if he was unable to compete. He declares that if Earp be not included in the team he will withdraw by way of protest.

A photograph of Earp's car appears on page 6.

"THE MONEYMAKERS."

A Racing Play at the Royalty Theatre.

"The Money-makers" at the Royalty is a racing play, and on the whole a racy one. "The Money-makers" themselves are a pair of nice girls (Miss Lettice Fairfax and Miss Muriel Ashlyne), who are in need of some ready cash to buy some new frocks. At the suggestion of the parlormaid (Miss Claire Romaine), they put an advertisement in the paper to the effect that "the Major" is in a position to dispense "infallible racing tips" at 5s. each. They give as an address the Jermyn-street chambers of the elder girl's young man, who has gone out of town for a day or two.

Such, according to Mr. Rolit, is the gullibility of the British public—and perhaps he is not very far wrong, after all—that postal-orders arrive by the basket-load. Unfortunately, however, the girls had "tipped" for their first race a horse that was reported to have been "scratched" that very morning. Their victims accordingly arrive in motley crowds at the flat, armed with warrants and fists and what not, with a view to pummeling or otherwise the phantom "Major."

So far as concerns this little predicament, and, indeed, the whole part of the play that gets its fun merely out of the foibles of "the turf," Mr. Rolit's humour is bright and buoyant enough; but there is as yet, one regrets to say, quite an unpleasant amount of suggestion in the piece about quite different matters.

All the three ladies most concerned, and not least Miss Claire Romaine, as the chambermaid, do all that high spirits can to keep the piece lively, and Mr. Mark Kinghorne has another of his own "Scotch uncles" parts. In fact, it is he, on a visit of reproach, who is arrested as "the Major."

UNPOPULAR PREMIER.

SEVILLE, Friday.

King Alfonso arrived here at twenty minutes to eight last night. The Premier, who accompanied his Majesty, was the object of hostile demonstrations, and several persons were arrested.—Reuter.

THE KING'S COURT.

Brilliant Scene Last Night at
Buckingham Palace.

INTERESTING PRESENTATIONS.

The second Court of the season was held last night at Buckingham Palace.

As usual the Palace presented a brilliant appearance from outside, and a large crowd collected to witness the arrival of the carriages. Shortly after eight o'clock these began to appear, and the time of waiting was enlivened by the strains of the band of the Life Guards which was stationed in the courtyard.

Inside the Palace the scene was very brilliant. Masses of flowering shrubs and palms banked the great staircase, at the head and foot of which stood various officers and Court officials in resplendent uniforms.

The royal party was rather late in taking up their position in the Throne Room, and it was considerably after ten before the first arrivals began to pass the King and Queen.

Wedding Presentation.

Her Majesty looked radiantly beautiful, and wore quantities of jewels—some of her famous pearls, a diamond crown, and a superb diamond necklace.

The royal circle was a large one and included—besides the Prince and Princess of Wales—the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Victoria, Princess Christian, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The Princess Patricia of Connaught appeared at Court for the first time, having made her debut earlier in the year at Dublin Castle, to the gratification of the Irish people. She came by her pretty name owing to her birthday being on the festival of St. Patrick.

A most interesting presentation was that of Princess Alexander of Teck on her marriage. She looked very sweet and girlish in her soft satin wedding dress, and carried a lovely bunch of white flowers, while she wore a few splendid jewels.

The Duchess of Buccleuch and Lady Lansdowne made a few official and diplomatic presentations. The latter, who looked magnificent in a lovely gown of white satin with a deep flounce of old lace and a train of heliotrope velvet, garlanded with clematis, also presented the Countess of March and Lady Gort. A very large number of debutantes included Lady Violet Talbot, Lord Shrewsbury's tall and fair only daughter, and the eldest daughter of Lady Newton, Miss Lettice Legh, whose golden hair was much admired.

Black Dresses in Favour.

Quite a number of people came in black, including Frances Lady Legard, in a beautiful gown of black chiffon; and Lady Peacock, in black, with her train lined with white satin. The Court was not a large one, and lasted very little more than an hour. The King and Queen then took a tour of the rooms, stopping to speak to one or two of their special friends, a few of whom were bidden to join the royal supper party.

Supper for the general company was served downstairs, special features being the hot dishes and the masses of beautiful fruit sent from Frogmore.

As the carriages dispersed many people commented on the ease with which they rolled away over the new rubber pavement, and the excellence with which all the arrangements were carried out.

A portrait of Princess Patricia of Connaught appears on page 6.

KING'S BUSY DAY.

His Majesty Inspects the Guards'
Smart New Coat.

The King spent a busy morning yesterday. Shortly after eleven he received Baron Varubler, the Wurtemberg Minister in Berlin, who arrived in London on Thursday. Baron Varubler was the bearer of a letter from the King of Wurtemberg, thanking King Edward for having conferred the Order of the Garter upon him, and for the visit of the Prince of Wales to Wurtemberg.

A few minutes later the King inspected a corporal and two privates of the Grenadier Guards, wearing the new overcoat. His Majesty has taken great interest in all matters of military equipment, and it is understood that it is by the King's own suggestion that the present change is being made. The coat, which is of French grey, and similar in shape to that worn for some time by officers of the Guards, is very smart and a great improvement on the old straight-backed pattern.

His Majesty spent some minutes critically examining the coats, and finally expressed his approval. It is understood that further radical changes in regard to the cap are shortly to be made.

CHINESE LABOUR SETTLED.

The Anglo-Chinese Labour Convention was signed shortly after three o'clock yesterday afternoon by Lord Lansdowne and the Chinese Minister in London. The Convention, which is a document of some length, deals with the question of Chinese emigration as referring to all British Colonies and possessions. No colony is therefore specially mentioned, and the word "Transvaal" does not occur.

The permission of the Chinese Government's own Minister to sign the Convention was only received yesterday.

The Convention does not need ratification.—Reuter.

TROUBLE FOR TIBET MISSION.

SIMLA, Friday.

The question of sending further troops to Tibet is being seriously considered. The impression is gaining ground that the Tibetans intend to continue a strong opposition to the further advance of the mission, which is now widely regarded as a military and not a political expedition.

Private reports which have reached here from the mission tend to show that the Tibetans are able to put 20,000 men in the field, and, as they boast that no one has yet conquered them, it is evident that some severe blows will be necessary before they surrender.—Reuter.

A blind man was charged with being drunk at Stratford Police Court yesterday.

At the Conduit-street Auction Galleries a decorated Worcester cup and saucer (square mark) sold for £110.

Mr. Lobban, of Walton-le-Dale, has discovered that a thrush has built its nest in a bush in the yard. The nest contained five eggs.

Mrs. Anneir, of Mile End, left her baby, aged nine months, while she went out to do some errands. On her return she found that the child was drowned in a pail of water.

Mr. McKinnon, Wood, at the meeting of the Congregational Union yesterday defended the position of the L.C.C. in refusing to allow the Press to attend the Education Committee. He said that the Council intended to persist in this policy, even though they were misunderstood.

CHAINED SKELETONS AT WOOLWICH.

During some excavations at Woolwich Arsenal a number of skeletons were unearthed. As chains encircled the legs of some, it is supposed they are the bones of convicts employed there years ago.

FAMOUS ACTRESS'S ILLNESS.

Miss Ellen Terry's illness is more serious than was at first supposed. She was unable to rejoin her company on Thursday, as expected, and it is doubtful whether she will be able to appear by Monday.

PRISONERS FIGHT IN COURT.

When Florence Giblin and James Taylor were sentenced for theft at the Birmingham Sessions, Taylor climbed the dock, using threatening language to one of the detectives, but was seized by the warders, and after a violent struggle was forced below.

The female prisoner seized a chair and fought savagely with a policeman and a female warder.

NAVIES' PRESENT TO THE PRIMATE.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, presiding at the annual meeting of the Navy Mission Society, expressed through Missionary Barnfather his gratitude to 20,000 navies for a cheque handed to his Grace for £100, which was forwarded to show their gratitude for the work carried on amongst them.

SLEEPING IN A PIG STY.

William Parsons, sixty-five, milk seller, and Ellen Mills, twenty, single woman, of no fixed abode, were charged at Yarmouth with lodging in a pig sty. They had been found by the police sleeping in a sty, having no permission from its owner.

It was said that the old man, who had done no work for some time, had led the girl astray, and he was sent to prison for fourteen days, while she was remanded.

POLICE ARMED WITH OPERA GLASSES

At Stockport five youths were charged with Sunday gambling. The police for weeks had endeavoured to capture a gang of gamblers who frequented a field, but failed owing to the elaborate system of "scouting" which prevailed. The gamblers posted about nine scouts in various positions, but at last the police armed themselves with opera glasses, and so managed to obtain a view of the players.

SIR H. M. STANLEY'S FUNERAL.

It is officially announced that only the first part of the funeral service of the late Sir H. M. Stanley will take place in Westminster Abbey on Tuesday next.

Mr. Sidney Low had an impressive little poem on Stanley's death in the "Standard" yesterday. These were the concluding stanzas:

Muffle the drums and let the death-rolls roll,
One of the mightiest dead is with us here.
Honour the valiant Chief, the Pioneer,
Do fitting reverence to a warrior soul.
But far away his monuments shall be,
In the wide lands he opened to the light,
By the dark forest of the tropic night,
And his great River winding to the Sea.

GOOSEBERRIES A SHILLING A QUART.

The first gooseberries of the season have arrived at Covent Garden, and have made fancy prices. They sold at 1s. a quart, and from 8s. to 10s. a peck, the latter prices being equal to 32s. and 40s. a bushel respectively. The gooseberry crop this season bids fair to be an exceptionally heavy one. In Kent, Essex, Cambridge, Worcester, and Northumberland the bushes are loaded with fruit.

As the result of last season's trade, it was found that in many instances punnetted gooseberries realised larger profits than many punnetted strawberries. They were even sold at one part of the season at higher prices retail than Guernsey glass-house grapes.

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letters delivery or "train parcels" should be used whenever possible. Address:

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT,
"Daily Illustrated Mirror,"
2, Carnarvon Street, London.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Probate of the will of Sir Henry Thompson, Bart., etc., the eminent surgeon, has been granted. The estate is entered at £229,598 2s. 5d.

Mr. William Fawcett, of Maidstone, who helped Disraeli to win his first election in that borough in 1837, has just reached his ninetieth year.

Against Albert Henry Hengler, the well-known circus proprietor, on his own petition, a receiving order in bankruptcy has been made in Manchester.

The Home Secretary has consented to receive a Jewish deputation with reference to the Aliens Bill next Thursday. Lord Rothschild will introduce the deputation.

FATAL RACING ACCIDENT.

Mr. Walter Massey, a well-known figure in the trotting world, died yesterday through serious injuries received at the Essex Amateur Trotting Club's meeting at Parloes Park on Monday.

Mr. Massey mounted the sulky to drive his own horse, when the animal reared and fell upon him. Mr. Massey owned many fast trotters, and he was also well known in the East End as a whipper owner and an old runner.

1,000 MILES WALKING RECORD BEATEN.

Mr. C. W. Allen, the pedestrian, arrived at John o' Groat's yesterday, having beaten Weston's 1,000 miles record. He left Stroud via Land's End on April 11, and is now on his return journey. He hopes to reach London on June 5, when he will have accomplished the long distance of 2,000 miles, after walking, on an average, 44½ miles per day.

CENSUS WANTED EVERY FIVE YEARS.

Advocating that a census should be taken every five years instead of, as at present, every ten, a deputation of statisticians waited upon Mr. Long yesterday. Mr. Long said the proposal had many advantages, but it was purely a question of expense. He hoped the Treasury would be generous when he put the matter before them.

DIVINITY AND THE VOLUNTEER.

A very pretty miniature in Liverpool recently was attending upon an officer of the Scottish Volunteers, and as she added the finishing touches she looked up with timid eyes and said:

"We are always so glad to have testimonials from our customers. Do you mind?"
"Delighted," responded the gallant warrior, whereupon he wrote upon his card and handed her the following:—"There is a divinity that shapes our ends."

FORTY UNFET EARTHQUAKES.

The Astronomer Royal for Scotland has photographed the "unfets" in his annual report for 1903-4. Dr. Ralph Copeland says:—"The Milne seismograph has again been kept in operation throughout the year, and photographic records of forty unfet earthquakes have been secured, all of which were of a semi-amplitude of not less than 0.25 mm."

DANGERS OF LONDON'S TRAFFIC.

Two men were wheeling a truck when, in trying to avoid a tram at the corner of Lambeth-road and Cheyne-walk, they got in front of a G.W. Railway van. Before the horse could be pulled up it crashed into the truck. The men were thrown to the ground, and one, Fred Sheppard, was so seriously injured that he died before he could be conveyed to the hospital.

A small boy named Lovegrove, whose parents live at 24, Leighton-buildings, Westminster, was playing in the street outside his home when he was knocked down by a coal wagon. The wheels of the vehicle passed over his head, and he was picked up dead.

"W. G.'S" CRICKET CURIOSITIES.

Dr. W. G. Grace has obtained a remarkable cricket collection for the International Sports Exhibition, which opens at the Crystal Palace to-day. Included in the collection are:—

The bat used by the King when, as Prince of Wales, he played for the Prince's Club.
The famous M.C.C. tossing guinea.
The ball with which Richardson took eight wickets for 94 runs in the fifth Test match, 1888.

Some eighteenth century bats belonging to the fourth Duke of Buccleuch, and some of C. B. Fry's bats.

SAW BURLARY FROM AN OMNIBUS.

A gentleman on an omnibus late on Thursday night noticed a crowd of young men round the windows of Messrs. Dolland's (the opticians in Ludgate-hill), got off, found that the window had been broken and several valuable binoculars abstracted, and gave two of the young men into custody.

Some of the missing property was found on them, and later the police arrested four others.
The six were remanded at the Mansion House yesterday.

THE TIDE OF EMIGRATION.

During the past year, after allowing for the landings in England from other countries, there was a net emigration from the United Kingdom to places out of Europe of 148,929 natives and 100,382 foreigners.

The chief places to which the emigrants sailed were British South Africa and British North America. Of the British emigrants, 26 per cent. belonged to the skilled trade group and 26 per cent. were labourers, while 56 per cent. of the foreigners were classed as labourers.

There was a great increase in the number of emigrants rejected. These numbered 789 in America, 209 in Canada, and fifty-two in South Africa. Of the 209 sent back from Canada, nine British and Irish and 188 foreigners were rejected on account of disease.

Hawthorn blossom is scarce this spring, and, according to Sussex folk-lore, this portends an unusually hot summer.

David Jones, Bethesda, tailor and draper, attributed his bankruptcy to "loss of trade on account of two strikes at Bethesda."

Dean Hole does not show any improvement in his condition as a result of his visit to Romington. He is not allowed to see any but special visitors.

Southwark's magistrate yesterday promised to attend a man of eighty-one, who is too feeble to attend the court to sign a Savings Bank withdrawal form, which has to be witnessed by a magistrate.

STABBED IN A LONDON STREET.

Henry Henderson, a youth, of Broad-wall, Stamford-street, was admitted to St. Thomas's Hospital yesterday suffering from a wound in the back.

He said that he had been stabbed, and that his assailant escaped down a side street.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.

"Parliament has decided that a man and his wife and seven children can set up as a company with perpetual succession and a common seal, which is the height of absurdity," said Judge Edge at Clerkenwell yesterday.

MYSTERY OF THE RIVER.

The dead body of a little boy, aged about two years, has been found in a tributary of the river Frome at Dorchester. The child had only an undergarment on, and there was a string attached to his leg.

The police have arrested a young servant girl upon suspicion.

SPOILING A POLICE TRAP.

Two motor-car owners were each fined 10s. and costs at Stockport for driving furiously.

When stopped at the police trap, one of the occupants said he would take good care the police stopped no more cyclists or motorists, and for half an hour he went each way up the road warning all comers that the police were waiting, and the consequence was the trap was spoiled.

DRUNKEN MAN DRIVES AN EXPRESS.

Frederick Peach, driver on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, was fined £10 and costs yesterday for being drunk while driving an express passenger train from Manchester to Blackpool. Mr. Atcock, superintendent of the carriage department at Manchester, travelled in the train, and noticing it was working erratically got out at Chorley and found prisoner was drunk. He sent for another driver, but prisoner refused to leave the engine, threatening he would make it so that nobody else could work it, and struck at Mr. Atcock with a spanner.

FEARED RELATIVES WOULD KILL HER.

Eliza Ashford, a widow of seventy-five, committed suicide in a most determined manner at Small Heath, Birmingham, yesterday.

A daughter, whose home she shared, found her dead in her bedroom with a wound in her throat, and on her neck a rope, with which she had hanged herself from the bedstead.

Lying near was a dagger, with which she had evidently attempted to take her life before resorting to hanging. The old lady is said to have been a victim of delusions, and feared that she would be put to death by her relatives.

MARRIED LIFE A GREAT FAILURE.

"I have found married life a great failure," said Mrs. Trayford, who was only married on March 7, to the Rotherham magistrates.

A fortnight after marriage her husband threatened to break her legs, and insisted on her leaving the house. Some days later he struck her in the face, gave her a black eye, and caused her nose to swell. On May 1 he threw a stout bottle, which missed her and struck the cellar door. On May 3 he came home and said he had "Got the sack." Before she could make any reply he gave her five or six blows on the head. He also threw her into a chair and caught hold of her by the throat.

The Bench fined the defendant 20s., including costs, and granted a separation order fixing the amount of the contribution at 5s. per week.

£2,750 FOR A NINE OF DIAMONDS.

Two thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds was paid at Christie's yesterday for a single card—the nine of diamonds—by Messrs. Duveen, the Bond-street dealers. The explanation is to be found in the fact that upon the back of this bit of cardboard Holbein had painted an exquisite miniature of Frances Howard, Duchess of Norfolk.

Other treasures disposed of yesterday included a very beautiful pair of miniatures of two little girls, painted in 1590 by an English artist, probably Hilliard, for which £1,000 was paid, and a portrait of the Earl of Sandwich, by Samuel Cooper, 1699, which fetched £470.

A Louis XVI. gold snuff-box, enamelled with subjects after Teniers, reached £1,650, and three more boxes were sold for £600 apiece.

KING EDWARD'S COURTESY.

When the King and Queen were leaving Lismore recently, says the "Hospital," his Majesty sent a telegram requesting that Mr. Charles Haines, the father of Miss Haines, who acted as senior mistress at the King's last dangerous illness, should meet him at Mallow railway station.

Both the King and Queen shook hands warmly with Mr. Haines, and engaged in an animated conversation with him, in the course of which his Majesty alluded most kindly to Miss Haines, and expressed a hope that she was very happy in her present work at Osborne.

Mr. J. H. Cozens has been appointed general manager of the Crystal Palace, in succession to the late Mr. Henry Gillman.

For using bad language in the streets of Norwich Henry Allen, a labourer, has been sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour.

The Prince of Wales attended a meeting of the Royal Commission on Food Supplies in Time of War at the Foreign Office yesterday.

Shooting at Runemede in the South London Rifle Club competitions, Miss F. Lewes, of Wraybury, won a spoon in the aggregate Class D with 64, being beaten by only one point for first place.

Nelson's last letter to Lady Hamilton was sold for £1,030 at Messrs. Sotheby's yesterday. At the same sale a letter of the Duke of Wellington's, written the day after the Battle of Waterloo, realised £101.

CONGREGATION WITH VIOLINS AND FLUTES.

Archdeacon Boutflower, in a sermon at Rampside, near Barrow, said that at some later day, under favourable conditions, they would have in churches not only those who joined in singing praises, but those who, not being able to sing, could at least put their heart into music from the strings of a violin or a flute, and join in with the organ.

£23,223,491 INVESTED FOR CHARITY.

The total sum of stocks and investments held by official trustees of charitable funds in England and Wales on December 31, 1903, amounted to £23,223,491 1s. 1d., says the recently-issued report of the Charity Commissioners.

The aggregate income of the charities during the course of last year was £657,048 9s. 1d.

SOLDIERS MUST WATCH THIS PHOTO.

To ensure the proper compliments being paid to Princess Alexandra of Teck when passing the military guards in Aldershot, Sir John French has given directions that a photograph of the Princess be hung in the regimental libraries, so that men going on guard can make themselves acquainted with her features.

BECAUSE HER HUSBAND DEFIED HER.

A policeman at the Custom House found Louisa Elliott smashing the windows of the Prince of Wales public-house with a hatchet.

"I did it because my husband drinks there, and I dared him to do it," she said.

The West Ham magistrate did not think this a satisfactory explanation of her conduct, and yesterday Mrs. Elliott was given the option of paying £5 or going to prison for a month.

NO HOME AND NO FRIENDS.

John Rose, thirty-one, was found sitting on a doorstep in Old Street. He was unable to walk, and was removed to the Holborn Union Workhouse on the ambulance. He said he had no home and no friends.

Beyond finding that he was not an ordinary tramp the authorities were unable to discover anything about him before he died, which he did shortly after from bronchitis accelerated by exposure and destitution.

£1,000 A YEAR INSUFFICIENT.

In the Brighton Bankruptcy Court, yesterday, Mrs. Katherine Parnell, widow of the late Mr. C. S. Parnell, appeared for public examination, with liabilities returned at £283 13s. 11d., and assets £125. The debts were stated to be all for personal expenses.

Mrs. Parnell admitted that on previous occasions her affairs had been involved, and said that as the result an income she originally possessed of about £1,000 a year had now disappeared.

Replying to the Official Receiver's suggestion that she had lived extravagantly, she said her income had been insufficient to meet the increasing expenses of her family. The examination was adjourned.

CHILDREN RESCUED FROM FIRE.

A young woman lodger living in the upper part of a house in the Rotherhithe New-road detected a smell of fire, and found volumes of smoke issuing from a room on the ground floor, in which there slept three of the landlord's young children.

Rushing to the street door, she called for help, and a railway porter who was passing rushed into the house and, entering the burning room, brought the children out in safety. They were all to some extent affected by the dense smoke, but not seriously. It was found that the children had been playing with matches, and thus set the bed-clothing alight.

The flames spread to the window curtains and obtained a good hold of the woodwork, but firemen and engines arrived from the local stations and extinguished the outbreak.

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THE FORTUNE MAGNET.

Bogus Heir Vehemently Denounces the Friends Whom His Story Attracted.

In vehement tones, frequently bringing his hands down heavily upon the rail of the dock to emphasize his remarks, the youth Moore, whose mythical fortune story ended in his arrest on charges of fraud, yesterday protested to the Bristol magistrates that it was the eagerness of people to become his friends after they had heard of his access of wealth that had been responsible more than anything else for his going astray.

Further evidence had been given to show that he induced acquaintances to lend him sums of money to enable him to go to London to settle his affairs with a firm of solicitors who were acting in connection with the supposed inheritance.

"You must remember," Moore exclaimed as he addressed the magistrates after the case for the prosecution had been concluded, "that at the time when I first committed this offence I was absolutely destitute, and people were calling on me for cash."

"I had not anybody to help me, even the Y.M.C.A. people were on me for cash, and I was absolutely driven to it."

The Way Made Easy.

"Afterwards I found it easy. At the time I first told them my story they evidently thought, 'Here's a chance to get something,' and, in fact, I may positively say that every opportunity was put in my way to have this cash, although at the time, perhaps, I was wrong. Had they had any sense at all they would have looked at once to see if the firm of solicitors I mentioned was there, and they would have seen the whole thing was false."

"I have had every chance—I have had pretty well the whole of Clifton at my finger tips—to get any amount of money I liked, and simply because they thought I was coming into a fortune as I had told them."

Heaps of Friends.

"Before this I hadn't anybody to stand by me, but as soon as I got this money there were heaps only too glad to shake hands with me. I must say they helped me considerably. I was bound to carry this scheme out—absolutely bound to, there was no help for it."

Having listened patiently to Moore's statement, Alderman Gardner, the presiding magistrate, remarked: "You are only adding insult to injury when you say these people who have been so kind to you ought to have been sharper, and found out you were a rogue before."

Moore was then committed to take his trial at the Quarter Sessions.

ASYLUM'S CUPBOARD SECRETS.

Amazing Story of Wholesale Waste and Extravagance.

There were further revelations at Epsom Police Court yesterday, when the hearing was resumed of the charge against employees at the L.C.C. Asylum at Horton of plundering the Asylum's stores. The prisoners are: Charles Edward Morant, a stores clerk; Maurice Clark, a foreman butcher at the Asylum; and Thomas Wilds, carman at an Epsom contractor. Mr. Elliott prosecuted on behalf of the L.C.C., and Mr. Jenkins defended. Lord Monkswell, chairman of the Asylum Committee of the L.C.C., occupied a seat in court.

On the last occasion Morant went into the witness-box and made a statement, alleging that there had been wholesale wilful waste of the Asylum's stores. He was again called, and in cross-examination alleged that many things were taken into the rag-room and put into the basement, of which places Mr. Humphrey, the storekeeper, had the keys.

In order to lower the stock, added witness, more was given out to the patients than was requisitioned. Witness had never told Humphrey how he got rid of the stock, and considered it rather smart to hide things in this way. Humphrey had to take stock. He had never expressed surprise that the supplies had been got rid of. On March 17 witness saw three porters take a ton of sugar from the general stores to the butcher's shop and empty it bag by bag into one of the salting bins.

Ton of Sugar in a Butcher's Shop.

Mr. Elliott at this point informed the Bench that an examination of the drains absolutely corroborated the whole of this statement. Not only sugar, but also large quantities of bacon had been got rid of in this manner.

Morant added that he had seen time-juice thrown away in barrels of twenty-nine gallons each. He believed that this was an old practice in other asylums in the country. He had learned that vinegar had been thrown away, as well as rice, tapioca, split peas, pepper, mustard, and condensed milk.

He was sorry to see all this waste, but it had to take place. Very little of the meat delivered was English. Perhaps there was a small joint occasionally for the committee. He had no knowledge of Humphrey receiving money, but Clark had admitted having ten shillings a week and another employee—Ross—£10 per quarter.

Prisoners were again remanded, Clark and Wilds being allowed bail.

COUNTRY GIRL'S SUBTERFUGE.

After successfully imposing upon the gaudier and other officials at the South-Western Police Court on several occasions by simulating illness, Elizabeth Preston, a young woman who recently came to London from Nailsworth, in Gloucestershire, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment yesterday for stealing an overcoat.

On former occasions, whenever she was brought into court she had to be carried, as she always appeared to be on the verge of falling into unconsciousness. Eventually it was ascertained that she was shamming, and the doctor at Wandsworth Prison informed the magistrate he had kept her under observation and found she was really in good health.

A SWEETHEART'S SHORTCOMINGS.

East End Lover Who Refused to Marry His Fiancee Because He Feared She Loved a Life of Ease.

An East End romance that ended prosaically in the awarding of £15 to a Silvertown young woman occupied the attention of Mr. Justice Phillimore and a common jury yesterday.

The romance began in the spring of 1901 under the following remarkable circumstances:—

Miss Rosamond Foster, who was then living with her father and mother in Annandale-road, Silvertown, started one morning with a "young lady friend" to go to the Crystal Palace. She had not



Miss Rosamond Foster left her home and became dependent on her fiance. As he found that she did not love him and she refused to support herself, he broke off the engagement. Yesterday she sued him for breach of promise—(sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

proceeded far when it became necessary for her to ask her friend's assistance to pin up her dress behind. Just at that moment a good-looking young man came walking along, a young man who turned out afterwards to be Mr. Charles O'Brien, foreman at a local linoleum works.

In Silvertown formal introductions between young men and young women are not always considered indispensable before conversation takes place, and Mr. O'Brien at once offered in a helpful, friendly way to save Miss Foster's friend the trouble of pinning up the dress. His offer was graciously accepted, and the acquaintance begun in this accidental manner ripened rapidly into love.

Miss Foster was engaged as cook in a Silvertown business house, and from that fatful day when her dress was pinned up she "walked out" regularly with Mr. O'Brien until an all-important event in their courtship happened.

A Southend Banquet.

In the following August Mr. Foster, her father, went to Southend to take part in the annual banquet given by his employers, and with him went his youngest son. He returned to Silvertown in the evening thoroughly tired out, and, somewhat to his annoyance, found the rest of his family assembled in the street also enjoying themselves.

From the open window of the house next door, belonging to a Mr. and Mrs. Ward, came the strains of pianoforte music, and listening to these strains and, as Mr. Foster put it, "laughing and chattering," were his wife, his daughter Rosamond, his daughter Christina, his daughter Catherine, his daughter Violet, and Mr. and Mrs. Ward.

His annoyance turned to anger when, on taking the advice of his youngest son, who said, "Dad, let's go to bed," he found that the music and chatter continued for the next two hours. "They defied my authority, and refused to come in," he told the Court.

POLICEMAN'S PLUCKY ALLY.

The police of Bethnal Green have a valued ally in Miss A. Gormley, who keeps a general shop in the Virginia-road.

Her father, now dead, was a City policeman, and doubtless had been born a boy she would have been in the force herself.

As it is, "I think I can do quite as well as I am," she told an interviewer yesterday. "The boys all know, and I think fear, me, around here."

"They threatened to smash my windows one night, and I gave them a hearty invitation at the same time, though I pointed out that they would probably enjoy a fortnight's 'holiday' as a reward."

At the recollection Miss Gormley laughed.

Miss Gormley's presents from the grateful constables include a gold-mounted umbrella, a marble clock, and pair of ornaments.

On page 1 of our yesterday's issue is a photograph of the police presentation to Miss Gormley.

HOLIDAY THOUGHTS OF SUICIDE.

The following letter was found in the coat-pocket of Thomas Bowman, an unemployed labourer, who committed suicide in St. James's Park, and was read at the inquest yesterday:—"My head is bad and my eyes and nerves are bad. My wife might have made things a little brighter for me. . . . This is not a sudden impulse, but I have thought of it since her last holiday."

Eventually he lost patience, and going down to the front door bolted the whole party out.

Most of them sat up all night, but Rosamond started sister, Mr. O'Brien, and refused to return home.

Misfortunes did not come singly. Her misunderstanding with her father was followed by Rosamond losing her place as cook.

Then it was that Mr. O'Brien adopted the role of protector as well as lover, and, in his own words, "played a manly part." He arranged that Rosamond should have lodgings in the same house as contained his own lodgings, and that he himself should pay the landlady for them. Moreover, he allowed her a certain amount for pocket money.

If he had married her there and then their romance would have been like many another Silvertown romance, but trouble stepped in to make it pathetically peculiar. Mr. O'Brien, to his great grief, discovered that Miss Foster was lazy!

Instead of trying to get another place she stopped in her bedroom, and lay in bed until two and three o'clock in the afternoon!

Early Days of Courtship.

In doing this she was taking the advice he had given her himself too literally, for in the early days of their courtship he had written to her: "Cheer up, sleep well, eat plenty, and think of Charlie." Remonstrances proved to be of no avail, so Mr. O'Brien married another lady, and Miss Foster brought a breach of promise action.

Mr. O'Brien conducted his case in person, and interchanged some compliments with members of his late sweetheart's family when they gave evidence.

To Mr. Foster he said, "I suggest that you are telling deliberate untruths," and Mr. Foster politely replied, "I suggest that I am telling nothing but the truth."

At the conclusion of the evidence of Rosamond's married sister, Mr. O'Brien remarked, "With all proper respect to the Court, I cannot help calling the witness a liar."

"My Lord, can I have a few words with Mr. O'Brien?" begged the married sister, but Mr. Justice Phillimore interposed with a hasty "Certainly not."

In tones that quivered with emotion, Mr. O'Brien, when on his own turn to give evidence, described how he first was seized with the suspicion that his future wife was a lazy woman. "I was suspicious that she did not possess the qualities



Mr. Charles O'Brien was yesterday sued for breach of promise. He gave his sweetheart a year in which to reform, and on her failing to do so, married another woman—(sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

that would make married life happy," he further explained, "and that she was a woman who had no real particle of love for me."

Then he described the final scene when he gave her her congé. "From now you must be a stranger to me," he said on that occasion.

In spite of a piteous appeal that they should find a verdict for him "if they could," the jury decided in favour of Miss Foster.

MRS. BEECHAM'S ERRING ACTION.

An abrupt termination came yesterday to the action which Mrs. Beecham, wife of Mr. Joseph Beecham, the originator of Beecham's Biscuits, had brought against her former solicitors, Messrs. White, charging them with neglecting her interests in respect of her alimony when she got a decree of judicial separation against her husband.

After Mr. Tom Beecham had given evidence on behalf of his mother, Mr. Lawson Walton, her leading counsel, announced that he was willing to withdraw the action on receiving an assurance from Sir Henry White's managing clerk that entries in a certain diary were perfectly correct.

In entering judgment for the defendants Mr. Justice Grantham said that the action was an improper action, and that Mr. Walton, in his handsome manner, had recognised this.

Mr. Walton said that he hoped that nothing that had been said would make a change for the worse in the already strained relations that existed between Mr. Beecham and his two eldest children.

DOCTOR'S DISCOVERY.

An inquest was opened at Rochester yesterday on the body of a newly-born child which was found in a box by a doctor after receiving a statement from Susan Chubb, a seventeen-year-old servant girl, whom he was called in to attend.

The body was covered over with clothes and a stocking was bound tightly round its neck. The inquest was adjourned.

A TRIP TO JERSEY.

Hotel Bookkeeper's Experience of Channel Island Visitors and Their Ways.

Incidents connected with Mr. Pollard's visit to Jersey, in company with Davies, a detective employed by Slater's Agency, were investigated at Bow-street yesterday when the hearing of the conspiracy charge arising out of Mrs. Pollard's divorce suit was resumed before Sir Albert de Rutzen.

There was a much smaller attendance of the general public than on previous occasions when the six accused—Henry Scott, alias Slater; George Philip Henry, manager of the agency; Albert Osborn, solicitor to Mrs. Pollard; and Bray, Davies, and Smith, the detectives—were ushered into court.

The first witness called was Marie Travers, who is now living at Cannes. She said that in 1902 she was at St. Heliers, Jersey. One night in March three gentlemen called at the house in which she was living. One of them was a tall, dark gentleman. The second was a fair gentleman, somewhat shorter; and the third acted as a valet to the other gentlemen. The latter she recognised as the prisoner Davies.

Mr. Pollard, who was sitting in court, was asked to stand up, and the witness identified him as the tall, dark gentleman whom she saw.

Davies gave her lib, and she went out and fetched three bottles of wine.

The Ways of Visitors.

Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., who appears on behalf of Osborn, in the course of cross-examining the next witness, a book-keeper at the Star Hotel, Jersey, where Mr. Pollard stayed with Davies, mentioned that Davies's bill for drinks amounted to 7s.

"You have known people drink more than that during five days in Jersey?" he said.

"A great deal," the witness replied.

"Are the names in the visitors' book written by the visitors themselves?"

"They ought to be, but sometimes the visitors object," the book-keeper answered.

Mr. Gill: Sometimes people who go to Jersey object to disclosing their identity?

Mr. Knowles's Payments.

Before the Court rose Cartwright gave the following particulars of sums paid by Mr. Knowles to Slater's from September 27, 1901, until March 26, 1902: September 27, £15; October 11, £20; October 14, £150; October 20, £25; October 28, £100; November 22, £25; December 6, £145; February 21, £240; March 20, £250; March 26, £100.

Another remand was then ordered.

THE CITY.

The brokers representing the finance houses did not give the public a chance with Kaffirs at the opening of the Stock Exchange yesterday. On the Convention news they rushed in and bought, and prices were bounding upwards. But heavy profit-taking followed, though before the close the market was recovering again. It was interesting to notice that Paris resumed business after Thursday's holiday in a confident mood, and made things warm for "bears" of Russians. Other international favourites were put better, and Paris also bought much of the new Johannesburg loan.

A distinctly weaker tendency characterized Consols and the recent new loans. The new Johannesburg loan met with favour, and was put up at one time to 14 points. But there was a reaction, and the market was left in a state of uncertainty, and this was no doubt partly due to the knowledge that several corporations loans are imminent and a rumour that the London Board loan, which may be about £30,000,000, was not far off. This will test the value of cheap money and the willingness of the investor pretty severely.

Home Rails opened strong, and although there was profit-taking here also, the market gave way very little. The news about American currency, with much gloomy talk of gold exports and prospective borrowings.

The Mexican group keeps very good on the whole, in spite of silver being easier, and the Argentine Railway market, though less active, keeps up very well indeed. The new Japanese loan allotments are not expected until Monday next. Meanwhile, the premium has run off to 2½, and the market is beginning to realize that these new loans, which are a security for the old loans, and so the older Japanese bonds are dull.

Brewery decisions severely. The new wine investors as a result of the legislation, and the prospect of the coming Bill helped Dock stocks, while the chances of reviving business in Johannesburg helped Gold Storage shares.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* * * The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the latest quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:	
Consols 2½ p.c.	90½
Do Account	90½
India 3 p.c.	97½
London C.C. 3 p.c.	98½
Argentine Bond 1904	103½
Brazilian 4 p.c. 1889-74	104½
Chinese 5 p.c. 1895	104½
Egyptian United 1904	105½
Japan 4 p.c. 1890-94	104½
United States 4 p.c. 1890-94	104½
Spanish 4 p.c. 1894-98	82½
Turkish 4 p.c. 1894-98	81½
Brighton Def.	122½
Calcutta Def.	122½
Great Eastern	94
Gr. Northern Def.	42½
North Eastern	102½
Midland Def.	71½
North British Def.	42½
North Eastern	102½
North Western	102½
South Eastern Def.	60½
Do 10 p.c.	70½
Ch. Mil. & S. 9 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 10 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 11 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 12 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 13 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 14 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 15 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 16 p.c.	144½
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Ch. Mil. & S. 18 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 19 p.c.	144½
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Ch. Mil. & S. 21 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 22 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 23 p.c.	144½
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Ch. Mil. & S. 90 p.c.	144½
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Ch. Mil. & S. 93 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 94 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 95 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 96 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 97 p.c.	144½
Ch. Mil. & S. 98 p.c.	144½
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Ch. Mil. & S. 100 p.c.	144½

A ROYAL PROTEGEE.



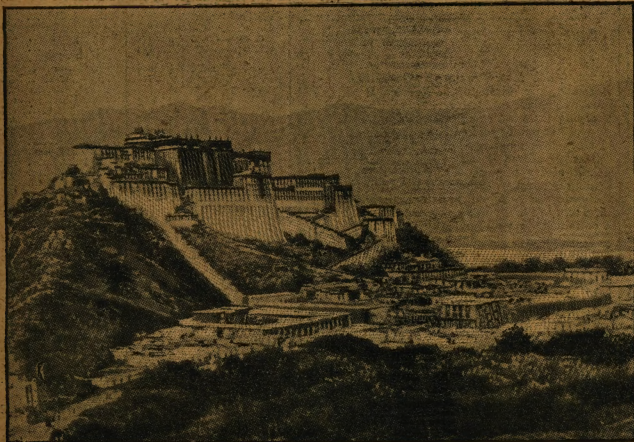
Miss Yvonne Lamoignon, whose training for the stage is directly due to the late King Alexander of Serbia's appreciation of her talent and beauty, will appear for the first time on the English variety stage at the Tivoli on Monday.—(Photograph by Martin and Salinow.)

PARIS HOUSE COLLAPSE.



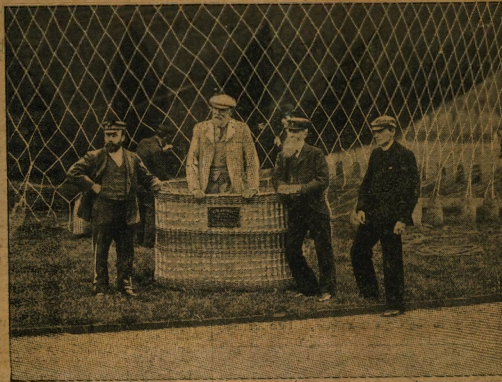
The remains of the four-storeyed house in Paris which suddenly collapsed, burying twelve of the inmates in the debris. The house was let out in tenements, and most of the tenants were in bed at the time of the accident.

LHASA, THE OBJECTIVE OF THE TIBETAN MISSION.

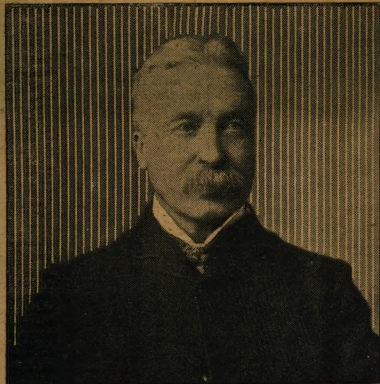


Lhasa, the principal town and sacred city of Tibet, to which the British Mission has been ordered to advance unless the Tibetans consent to conduct the necessary negotiations at Gyantse, the present halting-place.

THE PARIS BALLOON ACCIDENT.



Standing in the balloon car is the Rev. J. M. Bacon, the well-known English aeronaut, who was at first supposed to have been on board the balloon La Surcouf, which exploded in Paris, injuring twenty people. A view of the accident is on page 7.



Mr. James Sheil, the retiring Westminster police magistrate.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)



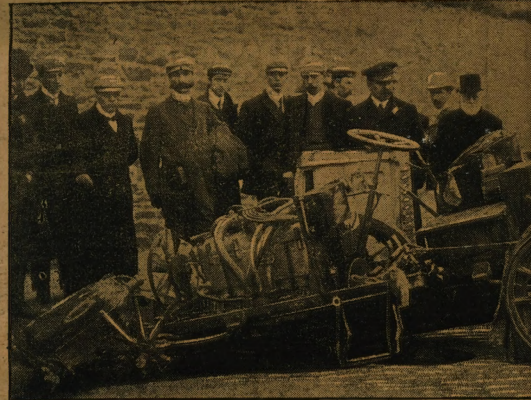
The Rev. Sebastian Gates, a Dominican monk, who has two pictures in the Royal Academy, is the first Roman Catholic priest to exhibit at Burlington House. This portrait of himself was specially drawn for the "Mirror."

DALNY, ON WHICH RUSSIA



In order to prevent the port of Dalny falling in the hands of Port Arthur and the Liao-tung Peninsula, the Russian Government has decided to build a canal. The scheme proved an utter failure.

THE GORDON-BENNETT MOTOR ACCIDENT.



The wreck of the Napier car, which crashed into a wall after the Gordon-Bennett trials. Mr. Clifford Earp, the driver, was slightly hurt, and the car skidded, owing to the unequal action of the wheels.



Princess Patricia of Connaught, the King's niece, appeared last night for the first time at their Majesties' Court. She made her debut in Dublin.—(Photograph by Lafayette.)

THE NAMELESS PICTURE.



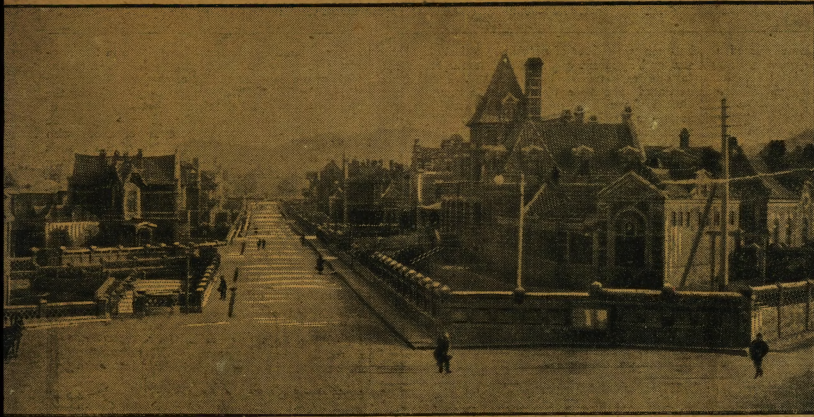
Who is this? Ask your friends, they are sure to know. A prize of one guinea will be given for the correct solution. See page 9.—(Photograph by Fellowes Wilson.)

RUSSIA'S DIFFICULTY.



The snow in the north of Manchuria has had to contend. The Russian Government has decided to build a canal. The scheme proved an utter failure.

NT £5,000,000, SACRIFICED TO PREVENT A JAPANESE LANDING.



hands of the Japanese, the Russians have blown up the docks and piers. When Russia obtained a decision to spend £5,000,000 on making Daini the great centre of commerce and civilisation in the spite of hotels and hospitals, churches and parks, Daini refused to grow into importance. Now all this magnificence has been destroyed.

T.

A NEW RECORD.



day Gordon-ther seriously.



Alfred Shrubb lowers the five miles amateur running record by 20 1-5 seconds, covering the distance in 24 minutes 33 2-5 seconds at Stamford Bridge.

"ELIJAH THE SECOND."



Dr. Dowie, who claims to be the reincarnation of the prophet Elijah, arrives in London to-day. He is on his way from New Zealand, where he had difficulty in escaping the hostile populace.

A SEA-FIGHT AT PORT ARTHUR THROUGH JAPANESE EYES.

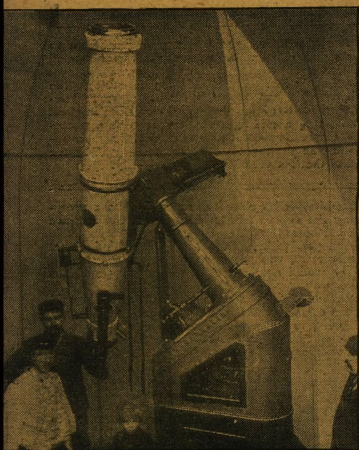


A Japanese cartoon of the sea-fighting at Port Arthur. The cartoon is one of a series, which can now be bought all over Japan.

TERRIBLE BALLOON ACCIDENT IN PARIS.

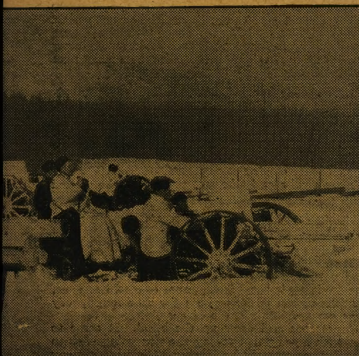


The Rue Edouard-Robert in Paris has been the scene of a terrible balloon explosion, by which twenty persons were injured—three dangerously, and one, it is feared, fatally. A large balloon, named the Surcouf, driven by the wind, came down in the street, and, on touching the ground, exploded. The aeronauts, three in number, had left the balloon a few seconds before the explosion.—(Drawn by our Paris artist from sketches by an eye-witness.)



The new observatory and equatorial telescope of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, the gift of the late Lady Ashburton, was opened yesterday by the Marquis of Northampton.

TIES IN MANCHURIA.



been one of the greatest difficulties with which the of the artillery have been especially delayed.

A GIRL'S DEBUT AT COURT.

A VISIT TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

HOW A LEGACY WAS SPENT ON A LONDON SEASON.

PART II.

Upon my first appearance at Court depended very greatly my successful career as a débutante, or at least so said an astute god-mother, who offered to present me, and who decided that the event should take place in May. The reason she did not take me to an earlier Court of the season was that such occasions are not considered nearly so smart as those held by their Majesties in the merry month. Diplomats and many young brides go to the earlier Courts, but the débutantes, as a rule, reserve themselves for May, after which the season begins in good earnest for them.

A Wise Choice in Modistes.

My gown and train, all complete, cost exactly £35. I know many women will gaze with astonishment at this moderate sum and premise either that I looked a dowd, or that the prices of such toilettes usually mentioned are grossly exaggerated. Neither the one nor the other conclusion is the right one at which to arrive. The facts are these. First of all, I chose my dressmaker most carefully. She was a woman who had just set up for herself in Bond-street, and as she had a reputation to make was willing to charge moderately for frocks that were likely to bring her in a good advertisement. There is no surer mode of securing free mentions of your name in the papers, if you are a modiste, than by making wedding and

Court toilettes, so for £35 Madame agreed to turn me out well. Moreover, I wore on my dress quantities of lovely blonde lace, lent to me for the evening by an elder sister whose heritage it was, and as it happened that blonde was one of the most fashionable laces of the hour I did well for my own appearance and for Madame, for the women journalists who prowled about for days and days before a Drawing-Room, seeking for information for their dress articles, will always dwell with most rapture upon gowns that emphasise the latest vagaries of fashion.

My jewels comprised the conventional string of pearls usually worn by the débutante. Ever since I was told by a very great specialist in gems that

between two strings of pearls of precisely the same size and apparent quality he gave the name real to one and unreal to the other, I have not hesitated about wearing manufactured pearls. But I have always been desperately careful as to the number and size of them. A string of moderately large ones pass muster as real, whereas pearls by the yard are only the possession of the very rich. As for my bouquet, someone sent it to me. I did not then know from whom it came, but acting on the assumption that a girl may accept flowers from a man with perfect propriety I made use of it and found it a most opportune gift.

I do not think anyone to whom I have talked, or any writer upon the subject, has ever made of sufficient importance the splendour of an evening Court or the solemnity of the seconds during which one meets one's Sovereign and the Queen face to face, without any intervening person between. The stately magnificence of the Palace impressed me hugely, and yet as I moved from room to room in my journey to the Presence Chamber I was not frightened, lifted though I felt I was from the ordinary world to the ether of an unknown one.

My grandmother told me, as we drove in her electric brougham to Buckingham Palace, that the woes of the débutante and her chaperon during the era of daylight Courts were not exaggerated by the chroniclers of those times, and that I had much to be thankful for, inasmuch as I was not to be tormented by the prying eyes of those who thronged the Mall, the suffocation of the crowds inside the Palace, and the difficulties of getting away later. Truly, no such contretemps spoiled my bliss. Our way through the corridors and ante-chambers to the Throne Room was a stately procession, during which we met several friends, and after I had made my curtsy to the King and



A white pique or cream cloth occasional coat is very useful to the girl who drives. This one is made with a fitted back and loose fronts, and has a velvet collar and cuffs.

COSTUMES FOR THE OPEN-AIR GIRL.



The linen or fine flannel blouse is best for the tennis player. Made of white linen, the one sketched above is prettily embellished with straps of stitched malachite green linen.



Marine-blue summer serge is a good material to choose for a golf suit, which may be worn with a spotted red tie and be embellished with coral-scarlet buttons.

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"WEEKLY DISPATCH."

WHO WAS STANLEY?

Do You Know? Quite Sure?

PHOENIX PARK MURDERS.

Secret Out at Last.



"WHY
MY
FACE
IS
MY
FORTUNE."

EDMUND
PAYNE
IS AS
FUNNY
AS HIS
FACE.

TROUBLES OF WAR
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"WEEKLY DISPATCH."

A PENNY EVERYWHERE.

OUR SERIAL.

Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

CHAPTER XXXIII. (continued.)

It was a moment of swift unspoken revelation. As their eyes met in the wavering shadows, whilst the night seemed everywhere mysteriously alive and troubled, trembling before the hint of storm, and the trees rocked like ship's masts straining in a gale, Gray knew, each knew, that through the silent years of outer seeping of friendship the feeling that was more than friendship had been growing, striking deeper root in each of them. Janet loved him! Once before that swift intuitive knowledge had brought a mad moment of temptation, almost of danger: there was none now. Only the shadow of a man, whose title of husband was an empty name, lay between them; but the barrier was insurmountable—there was no bridge to span it by which they could meet in loyalty to each other, in loyalty to the little child who lay sleeping peacefully in her cot at the farm. For a second the man and the woman stood looking at each other, with only their eyes speaking; then without one spoken word they walked out of the wood under the open sky.

They found supper waiting for them when they got back, and Mr. Benjafield obviously impatient, as though his lusty singing in church had given him a tremendous appetite. After supper Gray insisted that they should sit in the farm kitchen, where a fire roared in the great fireplace—he liked sitting in the high-backed oak settle, he said—and did his best to induce the farmer to relate his own especial ghost story.

Janet sat saying little. She was thinking of that moment by the "wishing tree." John Gray still loved her, though he had tried to hide those feelings away. She was a woman, and a little thrill of pride and joy ran through her at the knowledge: he was a man of whose love any woman might be proud, she told herself—a love that could efface itself and become subordinate to a loyal friendship. But, too, because she was a woman, she felt sorry, sorry for his sake. He had said to her that morning that he was alone in the world; it made her feel almost guilty. But he need not be alone, he might surely find happiness waiting for him elsewhere, if only he would put

Queen, I and my godmother were passed on to the supper-room, where all the guests were regaled with the season's dainties, and I was told, most exquisite wine. Then, bidding farewell to the friends who had supped with us, someone telephoned for our landaulette, and we glided in great comfort to a midnight rendezvous with a photographer in Bond-street, who committed my beautiful toilette and myself to the camera—again by the aid of that marvel of the age, electricity.

from him his hopeless love for her. Above everything she wanted him to be happy, not to sacrifice his life because of her.

And yet, with this thought in her mind, Janet Desborough was woman enough to ask herself if she would not be jealous of that supposititious other woman.

"Well, I think I am going to bed now," she said at ten o'clock. "I so seldom can enjoy the luxury of going to bed early—I remember your instructions when I came down here for the first time," she added with a smile to Gray.

Janet stole softly upstairs to the homely pleasant bedroom, with its fresh smell of lavender. In the room Elsie's regular breathing could be heard. She did not light a candle, but drew up the blind, and a flood of moonlight fell into the room, on to the child's face on the pillow of its cot.

A wave of tenderness surged over her as she bent down and kissed the little flushed face, so lightly that Elsie did not even stir in her sleep. Carefully she put by the side of the cot a handful of toys for the child to play with when she awoke in the morning.

Yes, Elsie must compensate for the loss of that other love that could never enter her life now. She had sent the child away to the care of others in a panic; but time had shown that there was nothing to fear from Herbert Daventry. For two years he had left her in peace; he had not sought the child out; he had abandoned his claim. There was nothing to fear from him. Elsie should grow up to love her, to be the absorbing human interest in her life.

CHAPTER XXXIV. Found Out.

Elsie awoke early the next morning; she played with the toys on her cot and watched her mother's sleeping face for some time solemnly before she cried imperiously:

"Mummy, time to get up!"
It was useless to Elsie to be in bed after the sun had got up; she was usually down to help to give the fowls their breakfast. Janet opened her eyes, met the child's watching her; the little round, rosy face creased into a smile of greeting.

Janet rose and drew up to her was going back to London, and would be leaving Elsie here. Away behind the windmill with its three unladen sails the sun was peeping. The wind had died in the

Continued on page 9.

Houdini's Silver Cuffs.

"Mirror" Presents Him with a Handsome Memento.

At the conclusion of his performance this afternoon at the Hippodrome, Brighton, Mr. Harry Houdini will be presented by a representative of the *Daily Mirror* with a silver model of the celebrated handcuffs from which he succeeded in escaping at the Hippodrome, London, a short time ago.

It will be remembered that in challenging Mr. Houdini to have the manacles secured upon his wrists, the editors of this journal desired to test the workmanship of a British mechanic against the highest possible skill.

That skill triumphed. It says much for the thoroughness of British workmanship that even an expert locksmith such as Mr. Houdini could not succeed in picking the cuffs under one hour and ten minutes.

Desiring to give Mr. Houdini a tangible souvenir of a notable occasion, as well as something novel, the *Daily Mirror* entrusted the famous jewellers, goldsmiths, and silversmiths of Regent-street, Messrs. Hamilton and Co., with the task of making a model of the original fetters in solid silver, and also of exact size.

This beautiful example of the silversmith's art Mr. Houdini will be asked to accept as a token of goodwill and remembrance from a journal whose challenge he accepted in a thoroughly sportsmanlike manner.

"WOMAN'S HALO."

Is the Milliner Too Frank Over Ladies' Garments?

Lady Violet Greville, in yesterday's "Graphic," writes that as soon as a man becomes conversant with the most intimate details of a woman's toilet, he no longer wears a halo in his eyes. Thereupon Lady Violet waxes wrath with milliners and modistes for displaying feminine lingerie in their shop windows for all who pass to see.

Mirror representative yesterday visited several of the West End streets to learn what the shopkeepers thought of it.

Said the manager of a large millinery establishment in Regent-street: "The matter is one of taste. Perhaps some of the shop windows are a little bit daring. But it is hard to see why the display of pretty articles should cause disillusionment in men."

"As regards the hairdressers, they perhaps give away the show, so to speak, with very blunt frankness. In one Bond-street window are set forth cunning appliances as chin straps to be worn at night, different kinds of coloured chalk sticks for pencilling the eyebrows and giving interesting shadows underneath the eyes."

"These are perhaps rather bad for the 'halo.' In a word, milliners generally hold that daintily-coloured underwear and delicately-woven stockings and 'chiffons' of all kinds lend colour to the shop windows in the somewhat sombre streets of London."

STOPPED TEETH BEFORE ARREST.

VIENNA, Friday.

The arrest of two well-known dentists at Vienna was characterised by most scrupulous politeness on the part of the detectives.

The dentists had been forging banknotes, and when the detectives called to execute their warrant they found them stopping a patient's tooth. They quietly sat down, as if they also were patients, until the operation was completed.

M.P.s AND BRIDGE GAMBLING.

Young Member Said To Have Lost £25,000 at Cards.

Something between £15,000 and £25,000 has been lost at bridge, says the London correspondent of the "Liverpool Post," by a young Conservative member of Parliament, while playing with some of his fellow members.

"Bridge is prohibited within the precincts of the House," says the correspondent, "although there is reason to believe that surreptitious games sometimes go on in corners of the smoke-room."

"The high play which is responsible for the losses of the member referred to took place, according to my informant, at a private residence."

"The matter threatens to become a public scandal, like that which centred around the late Mr. Drucker, who was swindled out of nearly £50,000 by certain 'hon.' members, one of whom still retains his seat."

Mr. Ernest Flower, M.P., speaking to a *Mirror* representative at the House of Commons yesterday, said: "There is not an atom of truth in the report."

"It is true that at one time a little bridge was played in the House, but it is, I believe, no longer played."

LEGAL WOODPECKER.

Solitary Specimen Seeking Its Mate at Lincoln's Inn.

Bricks and mortar have overrun larger London for so many years that Londoners find it difficult to conceive a time when their parks and open spaces and clumps of greenery in quiet squares were part and parcel of a wooded country-side. Things are different with birds, who seem every now and again to be led astray by some ancestral tradition which brings them to modern London in spring in search of nesting places.

High up on a window-sill in a tall block of flats on the Chelsea Embankment a pair of wood-pigeons have built a nest, and with extraordinary care have brought up a family in it. Why, when the multitudinous trees of Battersea Park are but a quarter of a mile away over the river, the birds should have chosen this hazardous spot is one of those perennial puzzles naturalists are asked to solve and never do. Perhaps in years far gone the progenitors of these pigeons nested in that spot, and there, obeying an incomprehensible family memory or instinct, newly and suddenly revived, the pair felt forced to go.

For some days past a solitary woodpecker has been seen in Lincoln's Inn Fields seeking his mate, with whom, it is alleged, he made a rendezvous in that legal quarter last year. The separation itself may have been legal and brought about by some maladroit solicitor's gun, who knows?

Within three miles of Charing Cross, in Chisold Park, are a pair of carrion crows. Not only are these birds rare in England, but they have never been seen near a town. That they should nest in such a spot is therefore the more singular. Possibly bird love is as blind as human love, and they lost their way when they were courting, and imagine even now that they are somewhere else.

Enthusiastic naturalists in the neighbourhood are petitioning the London County Council to instruct the park-keepers to protect the crows and give them every facility as family folk lest they become as extinct as their relatives, the ravens, and bring a slur upon nature lovers in the neighbourhood.

Huntsmen in Essex are much annoyed at the wanton destruction of foxes in the county. Whole litters of foxes and several vixens have been found poisoned.

VIRTUE IN BROWN EGGS.

Dyeing in Coffee Not a Practical Suggestion.

Why are brown eggs preferred to white? In reply to this question Mr. Pinnock, one of the principal egg-dealers of Smithfield, declared that it was impossible to say. Brown eggs are not more nourishing, nor better flavoured, but popular prejudice enables the dealers to obtain from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per 120 more for them than the white variety.

"I have seen Lord Onslow's suggestion that British egg-raisers should colour white eggs with coffee so as to meet foreign competition," said Mr. Pinnock, "but this is not a practical suggestion, for in the first place the brown colour would fade when the egg was boiled, and secondly the egg would have a coffee flavour."

"Colouring white eggs brown is not such a common practice with foreign competitors as Lord Onslow has suggested. Most of the foreign eggs on the English market come from Russia, but though there is a fair percentage of brown eggs they are uncoloured, but practically all the eggs that come from Calais are an artificial brown."

"There is no process known in England for permanently colouring eggs without spoiling their flavour." Among British eggs the largest percentage of brown eggs come from Ireland.

MAN IN THE CUPBOARD.

How Queen Wilhelmina Unearthed a Journalist.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE HAGUE, Friday.

The Queen of Holland visited a few days ago the People's Kitchen in Amsterdam. She made the ladies who received her show her every arrangement, tasted the various dishes, and praised them, to the delight of the cook.

She then asked to see the store-room. Her surprise and that of the ladies in attendance may be imagined when, on opening a large cupboard, a man stood revealed.

The cook was, of course, suspected of having hidden her lover there, but the culprit cleared her character by acknowledging himself to be the reporter of a prominent Amsterdam paper, who had contrived to smuggle himself into the building in order to secure an account of the royal visit for his editor, and thence to march on other newspapers. The Queen, far from being angry, laughed heartily, and told the offender to send her a copy of his paper.

NAMELESS PICTURE PUZZLE.

On page 6 to-day another nameless picture will be found. It represents a lady whom readers should find no difficulty in identifying. The reader who is first to correctly state who she is will be awarded the prize of one guinea.

Replies by letter or postcard should be addressed to the Picture Puzzle Department, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C., and must reach this office by noon on Monday. The winner will be announced on Tuesday.

The nameless picture in Thursday's issue was Madame Vielles, a well-known Parisian operatic artiste. Not a single competitor succeeded in identifying her.

The award for yesterday's picture will be announced on Monday.

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FICTION

By the best authors of to-day is the strong feature of the new number of the LONDON FIC-
—the Magazine of human interest. This magnificent issue is a SPRING FICTION NUMBER, and among the writers contributing stories are Jack London (author of "The Call of the Wild"), J. S. Fletcher ("Son of the Soil"), Frank Richardson (author of "Semi-Society"), Arthur Morrison (author of "Martin Hewitt," etc.), Major W. P. Drury, Katharine Hills, E. Nesbit (author of "The World-be-Goods"), Claude Askew, Ada Earland, Baxter Thompson, and W. Pett Ridge. Get your copy to-day.

THE LONDON

SPRING FICTION NUMBER.

Continued.] STAGE-STRUCK. [From Page 8.

night. In the farmyard the fowls were clucking and making a tremendous noise, at the sound of which Elsie grew very excited, and impatient to be down to see them have their breakfast.

"Elsie, shall we go out and gather blackberries—you, mummy, and Uncle Jack, this morning?" Gray suggested at breakfast.

Elsie clapped her hands excitedly. They set out directly after breakfast. The blackberries were plentiful and fine, ripened by autumn suns. Elsie ate more than she gathered, covering her little mouth and pinafore with purple stains, and was firmly convinced that she was doing the lion's share of the work.

"It would be nice if Mr. Brougham could let my understudy take my part for a week," said Janet presently. "I want to feel, as you once said of yourself, that I have nothing to do but let the silence and restfulness sink into me. I shall feel horribly envious of you to-night when I am playing at the theatre."

"And probably half the women in the audience will be envying you!" he rejoined. "Do you ever think of the time when you yourself used to envy successful actresses? But, you know, you look better already for your day in the country—wish you could stay a week, as you say. You have to go up by the 4.41 express, I suppose? You must let me drive you to the station, and we'll take Elsie with us, so that you may see her up to the last minute."

"How long are you staying here?" she asked. "Oh, only until Wednesday, more's the pity. Without being the famous person in my profession that you are in yours?" he smiled—"there's work that compels me to be in town on Thursday."

"You are constantly hurling it as a reproach at my head that I'm famous!" she told him. "I'm not famous really, and you know it—one swallow doesn't make a summer, and fame isn't built on one successful part. Besides, whatever success I may have had I owe it to you—so you should be the last to reproach me!" She laughed.

"I don't reproach you. I feel very proud of you, really. I drop in occasionally at the theatre and watch you on the stage, and I ask myself wonderingly if the woman I see there making the passionate complex creature you play a living being

to the audience can actually be the little girl who told me of her ambitions that night after 'The School for Scandal' at Hetherston."

"I sometimes wonder myself if I am the same," she said thoughtfully, "and it seems as though everything that has changed me dated from that night."

Yes, he thought, everything had dated from that night. Her triumph in the amateur theatricals had stirred those dreams of becoming an actress, and the night had produced, too, the man who had played on those ambitions. Fate had turned over two pages at once in the book of her life. Gray did not care to pursue the train of thought; he never liked to look back and remember that it was through him the man had come to know her.

"Yes, I shall have to be in town on Thursday," he said. "That's not one of your untidy days, is it? No? Then I shall come over to Chelsea in the afternoon and have tea with you, and tell you all the latest news about Elsie."

"Very well," she smiled. "I'll give my maid instructions that I am at home to no one except you, and you shall have means for tea—do you remember you gave me muffins the night you packed me off here at a moment's notice?"

After dinner she and Gray walked together as far as the river. Elsie had tired herself out black-berrying, and had fallen asleep at dinner; Janet had carried her upstairs to her cot.

It was not until they were nearly at the river that Janet referred to what had been uppermost in her mind since they started.

"How old are you, Mr. Gray?" she said abruptly.

The question surprised him. He stared at her, then laughed.

"Oh, I don't mind telling you that—I might if I were a woman—I am thirty-five. Only I won't have you calling me 'Mr. Gray,' Janet. It's a bad habit you should have grown out of long ago. It's absurdly formal—and I like to think that we are too good friends to be so formal. You can call me John or Jack—but I won't have Mr. Gray!"

"I'll call you Jack, then. As you say, friends ought not to be formal. And it is because you are my friend that I want to say something that may sound odd." Her face was turned from him, and she was looking down at the low wall of the little garden she was making with the point of her umbrella in the loose soil. "At thirty-five most men are married, or are thinking of marrying. You ought to marry. I—I should like to see you happily married."

Her words were so unexpected that they took her aback.

"Are you serious?" he cried.

"Quite serious."

"But why—why, you matchmaker?" he demanded, a smile dawning in his face.

"I thought it would seem odd to you. You see, you in a way took my future in hand—my success I owe all to you. Now I want to take your future in hand, and—"

"And make a success of me?" he cried playfully.

"You are that already, of course," she said.

"But, Jack—isn't happiness worth more than any success?"

"Am you queer little girl, you mean that—that, if I fell in with your matchmaking designs, I should be happier?" he cried.

"But, you know, I'm afraid I shall disappoint you—I don't feel like a marrying man!"

But her face was serious now.

"I have been thinking ever since about something you said to me yesterday; you said you were alone in the world—"

"But I didn't say I was lonely," he objected, smiling at her earnestness.

"No, but—Oh, Jack, when I think of all you have to go through, so unselfishly for me," she cried, "is it very wonderful that I should like to see you thinking a little of yourself, of your own happiness?—you, who have thought so much of mine! If you were happily married, your life would be so much more complete. And as you grow older, when you needed her, I don't want now, you would have home-ties: children, a wife—and, with a little smile, a man always really needs a woman to look after him."

"It's rood of you, little woman, to worry your head about me," he said, "only I can't, Janet."

His eyes were looking past her along the stretch of river.

"But why not?" she persisted. "It's because I'm your friend that I do worry my head, as you call it. I'm sure you must know heaps of nice girls—"

"So I do, but—there's only one woman I would ever have married," he said slowly. "Janet, it's no use fencing. I once asked—that one woman to marry me; though I had not the luck to win her, I am happy to remain her friend. There can never be any other woman for me," in a low voice.

"But don't you see how foolish it is to—"

"The main comfort to that woman you speak of—who was not so nearly good enough for you! She wants you to remain her friend—always, always! She told you so then, but more than ever she wants it now. But—Jack, can't you see?—I don't want to be married, and I don't want to spoil your life; that because of me you will never marry and settle down with a wife who'll care for you and make you happy; it hurts me to think that!"

"It needn't hurt you, little woman," he said gently. "You've not spoilt my life. I get a very great deal of happiness out of being your friend. And there's Elsie, too; you and she, my friend and the little girl whom I think of as being in a way partly mine—you and she are enough. I could never feel to any other woman as I feel towards—that one woman. I shouldn't have spoken of my feelings now, only I had to, to make you understand—"

"Oh, I know, I know! Who could have been more loyal than you? Do you think I haven't seen it, haven't thought all the more of—my friend for it?" she cried.

Her eyes were not on him. She looked straight ahead of her down the road they had come. A long way down it, a moving speck on the roadway, was the figure of a man or a woman, she could not tell which, coming in their direction. She was sorry at his answer. She had Elsie, Elsie to love and care for, to be her companion always now, now that she had nothing to fear from Herbert Davenbury. But he was alone in the world. She went on—

"Oh, I don't like to feel that because of me—because you met me, you will never form happy home ties, see your own children growing up about you, as I shall see Elsie grow up, the compensations of old age. Jack, it would make me very happy to know that you had found some sweet, gentle girl whom you loved, who would make your life complete—"

The moving speck in the roadway was coming nearer; it had grown into the figure of a man, though still too far off to be distinguished. Janet watched the approaching figure illly.

"But if I am content?" he said. Then he laughed. They were getting too serious. "There, there, you matchmaker, don't worry about me. You can't convert me from the habits of a lifetime—Why, Janet, what is it?"

His voice had taken a note of quick alarm.

There was a look of startled fear on her face. Her eyes were staring with an odd set back down the road, bent on the approaching figure of the man.

"Jack, Jack!" she cried. "Who is that man?"

The man was too far off for Gray to be able to distinguish his face, but somehow there he stood, he was something familiar about the man's figure and walk.

But already Janet knew. She had thought her child safe—but he had sought Elsie out. For in the man coming towards them she recognised her husband!

To be continued on Monday.

